



## A PROPHECY

*Found in an old Manuscript.**(Concluded from our last).*

AND his wife shall immediately find herself exceedingly happy, and shall write her lover—that, were she still free, she would prefer her husband to him.

And the philosophic lover shall resolve to kill himself.

And he shall write a long dissertation, to prove that a man ought to kill himself when he has lost his mistress; and his friend shall prove the thing not worth the trouble; and the philosopher shall not kill himself.

And he shall make the tour of the globe, to give his mistress's children time to grow, that he may return and be their preceptor, and teach them virtue, as he taught their mother.

And the philosopher shall see nothing in his tour round the globe.

And he shall return to Europe.

And the husband of his mistress, though acquainted with their whole intrigue, shall bring his good friend to his house.

And the virtuous wife shall leap upon his neck at his entrance, and the husband shall be charmed; and they shall all three embrace every day; and the husband shall be jocose upon their adventures, and they shall believe they have become reasonable; and they shall continue to love with extasy, and shall delight to remember their voluptuousness; and they shall walk hand in hand and weep.

And the philosopher being in a boat, with his mistress alone, shall be inclined to throw her over board, and jump after her.

And they shall call all this virtue and philosophy.

And while they talk of virtue and philosophy, no one shall be able to comprehend what is either virtue or philosophy.

And they shall prove virtue no longer to consist in the fear of temptation, but in the pleasure of being continually exposed to it; and philosophy shall be the art of making vice amiable.

And the philosophers mistress shall have a few trees, and a small stream in her garden; and she shall call her garden Elysium, and no one shall be able to comprehend her.

And she shall feed the wanton sparrows in her Elysium; and she shall watch her domestics, male and female, lest they should be as amorous as herself.

And she shall sup with her day labourers, and hold them in great respect; and shall beat hemp with her philosopher at her side.

And her philosopher will determine to beat hemp the next day, and the day after, and every day of his life.

And the labourers shall sing, and the philosopher shall be enchanted by their melodies, although not Italian.

And she shall educate her children with great care, and shall not learn them to speak before strangers, nor hear the name of God.

And she shall gormandize; but she shall eat beans seldom, and only in the temple of Apollo, and this shall be philosophic forbearance.

And she shall write to her good friend, that she continues as she began, that is, to love him passionately.

And the husband shall send the letter to the lover.

And she shall not know what is become of the lover.

And they shall not care what is become of the lover.

And the whole romance shall be useful, good, and moral; for it shall prove that daughters have a right to dispose of their hearts, hands, and favours, without consulting parents, or regarding the inequality of conditions.

And they shall shew that, while you talk of virtue, it is useless to practise it.

And that it is the duty of a young girl to go to bed to one man, and to marry another.

And that it is sufficient for those who deliver themselves up to vice to feel a temporary remorse for virtue.

And that the husband ought to open his doors and his arms to his wife's lover.

And that the wife ought to have him forever in her arms, and to take in good part the husband's jokes and the lover's whims.

And she ought to prove, or believe she has proved, that love between married people is useless and impertinent.

And this book shall be written in an emphatic style, which shall impose upon simple people.

And the author shall abound in words, and shall suppose he abounds in arguments.

And he shall wish to be forcible; and he shall be extravagant; and he shall always industriously draw general conclusions from particular cases.

And he shall neither know simplicity, truth, or nature; and he shall apply his force to explain the easiest or most trifling things; and sarcasm shall be thought reason, and his talents shall caricature virtue, and overthrow good sense; and he shall gaze upon the phantoms of his brain, and his eyes shall never see reality.

And like empirics, who make wounds to shew the power of their specifics, he shall poison souls, that he may have the glory of curing them; and the poison shall act violently on the mind and on the heart; but the antidote shall act on the mind only, and the poison shall prevail.

And he shall vaunt that he has dug a pit, and think himself free from reproach, by saying, "Woe be to the young girls that fall into my

pit; I have warned them of it in my preface."

—And young girls never read prefaces.

And when in his romance, he shall have mutually degraded philosophy by manners, and manners by philosophy, he shall say, a corrupt people must have romances.

And he shall also say, a corrupt people must have rouses.

And he shall leave the world to draw the conclusion.

And he shall add to justify himself for having written a book where vice predominates, that he lived in an age when it was impossible to be good.

And to excuse himself, he shall calumniate all mankind.

And shall threaten to despise all those who do not believe in his book.

And virtuous people shall consider his folly with an eye of pity.

And he shall no longer be called a philosopher, but the most eloquent of all sophists.

And they shall wonder how a pure mind could conceive such an impure book.

And those who believed in him shall believe in him no more.

## CALCULATIONS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE GLOBE.

*From an English Magazine for 1797.*

THAT the number of the inhabitants of the earth has increased, is an undoubted fact, but the rate of increase, and the present number of the human race, are more difficult to be ascertained. Sir William Petty amused himself in forming a table, "shewing how the people might have doubled in the several ages of the world;" but it is evident that all such attempts must be merely hypocritical; there are no sufficient grounds on which we can form a satisfactory estimate of the progress of population, till within a very late period, and that only in small districts. The population of the world which Sir W. P. in 1682, stated at only 320 millions, has been estimated by some writers at about 730 millions; Mr. Wallace, of Edinburgh, conjectured it might amount to 1000 millions, and this number has since been generally adopted by those who have noticed the subject; and though it is a point on which accuracy cannot be expected a nearer approximation to the truth might perhaps be formed, which I have no doubt, would be much greater than the above. The principal circumstance from which we may presume that the inhabitants of the earth at present considerably exceed 1000 millions, is, that in almost every country where the people have been numbered, or sufficient data furnished for computing their number, it has been found considerably greater than it had been previously



supposed. France the population of which was estimated by Mr. Sußmilch at 16 millions, by M. Deffandes and by Mr. Gibbon at 20 millions, and which M. Meffance endeavoured to prove amounted to nearly 24 millions, appeared from the returns of births and burials, to contain at the commencement of the Revolution, about 30 millions of inhabitants. Spain, which with Portugal, had been estimated by M. Deffandes to contain only 6 millions of inhabitants and by Mr. Gibbon 8 millions, was found by the enumeration in 1787, to contain alone 10,409,897. Russia, according to the calculation given by Mr. Coxe, grounded upon an authentic list of the persons paying poll-tax, contains 26,766,360 inhabitants; and though the greater part of this empire, with respect to extent, is in Asia, there appears from these, and similar accounts, sufficient reason to conclude, that the population of Europe, which has usually been supposed to be about 100, or at most 110 millions, is, at present, at least 125 millions; it has indeed been lately estimated much higher.

Asia, which is supposed to have given inhabitants to all other parts of the world, is well known to exceed them in point of numbers; it must naturally be expected that countries which have been the longest settled, will have the fullest population. The British settlements in the East Indies are stated by Col. Fullerton to contain 30,000,000 of inhabitants; yet the population of these provinces bears but a small proportion to that of the empire of China. The Abbe Raynal states, that by the last enumeration, China contained 51,708,364 men capable of carrying arms, exclusive of the Madarians and Bronzes: this would make the total number of inhabitants almost incredible, yet, even this account is much exceeded by the statement given in Sir George Staunton's account of the late embassy. Chowta-Zhin, who is said to be a man of business and precision, and cautious of advancing facts, at the request of Earl Macartney, delivered to him a statement taken from one of the public officers in the capitol, of the inhabitants of the fifteen ancient provinces of China, or China proper, within the great wall; according to which the number of inhabitants, taken by a regular enumeration, amounts to 333,000,000! If this account is authentic, it can be admitted that China alone contains one third of the inhabitants of the whole world.

#### HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF MONSIEUR DE M—

FROM HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS' LETTERS.

MONSIEUR DE M—, formerly a noble, lived with his son an only child at Marseilles, where he was generally respected, and where during the progress of the revolution, he had acted the part of a firm and enlightened patriot. After the fatal events of the 31st of May, he became suspected of what was called federalism by the jacobin party, which usurped the power in that city, and punished with imprisonment or death all those who had honourably protested against the tyranny of the mountain faction. M. de M. was warned of the danger by a friend time enough to fly from the city accompanied only by an old female servant who entreated to share the fortune of her master. His wife died some years before the revolution; his son, an amiable and accomplished young

man of twenty four years of age, had, a few weeks before his father's flight been called upon by the first requisition, and had joined the army of the Pyrenees.

M. de M. after wandering as far as his infirmities would permit, for, although only in his sixty-third year, his frame was much debilitated by a long course of ill-health, took refuge in a solitary habitation at a few leagues distance from Ariquon, and in one of the wildest parts of that romantic country. The mountains seem to close the scene upon the traveller, till, by a narrow cleft, it still opens into a small valley, where this little hermitage, for such was the aspect of the dwelling, was placed. This unfrequented valley was rich with pasturage, and bounded by lofty hills, wooded cliffs, and in some parts by large grotesque rocks with sharp peaks, that rose above the foliage of the hanging forests. Not far from this rustic habitation a clear torrent rolls, with no scanty stream, down a bold rock, into which its fall had worn grotts and caverns, which were luxuriously decorated with shrubs forever watered by the spray. The torrent not falling from a very considerable height, produced sounds more soothing than noisy, and without having the power of exciting the sensation of sublimity, awakened that of pensiveness, pleasing melancholy. This sequestered valley, rich in the wild graces of nature, had escaped the decoration, of French art, and no jets d'eau clipped tress, and "alleys who have brothers," deformed its solitary recesses. Far above, and at some distance, arose the lofty mountain of Ventoux, covered with its eternal snows; that mountain which Petrarch climbed in spite of the steep rocks that guard its ascent, and from the summit of which he gazed upon the Alps, the boundary of his native country, and sighed; or cast his looks upon the waves of the Mediterranean which bathe Marseilles, and dashed themselves against Lignes Mortes; while he saw the rapid Rhone flowing majestically along the valley, and the clouds rolling beneath his feet.

Such was the scene where M. de M. sought for refuge, and where he sheltered himself from the rage of his ferocious persecutors. He had soon after the anguish of hearing that his brother, who had a place in the administration of one of the southern departments, and who had taken an active part on the side of the Gironde, had perished by the scaffold. M. de M. found means to inform his sister-in-law of the place of his retreat, to which he conjured her to hasten with her daughter and share the little property which he had rescued from the general wreck of his fortune. His old servant Marianne, who was the bearer of this message, returned accompanied by his niece; her mother was no more: she had survived only a few weeks the death of her husband. The interview between Mademoiselle Adelaide de M. and her uncle produced those emotions of overwhelming sorrow that arise at the sight of objects which interest our affections after we have sustained any deep calamity; in those moments the past rushes on the mind with uncontrollable vehemence: and Mademoiselle de M. after having long embraced her uncle with agony that choked all utterance, at length pronounced, in the accents of despair, the name of father and of mother.

Monsieur de M. endeavoured to supply to his unfortunate niece the place of the parents she had lost, and forgot his own evils in this attempt to sooth the affliction of this interesting mourner, who at nineteen years of age in the

bloom of beauty, was the prey of deep and settled melancholy. She had too much sensibility not to feel his tender cares, and often restrained her tears in his presence because they gave him pain. When those tears would no longer be suppressed, she wandered out alone; and setting herself on some fragment of rock, soothed by the murmurs of the hollow winds and moaning waters, indulged her grief without controul. In one of those lonely rambles, sacred to her sorrows, she was awaked from melancholy musing by the sudden appearance of her cousin, the son of M. de M. who, after having repeatedly exposed his life during a long and perilous campaign in the service of his country, returned—to find his home deserted and his father an exile. Such were the rewards which the gallant defenders of Liberty received from the hands of tyrants. The young man flew to his father's retreat, where the first object that met his eyes was his lovely cousin, whom he had a few months before beheld in all the pride of youthful beauty; her cheek flushed with the gay suffusion of health, and her eye sparkling with pleasure. That cheek was now covered with fixed paleness, and that eye was dimmed with tears; but mademoiselle had never appeared to him so interesting as at this moment.

Two young persons placed together in such peculiar circumstances, must have had hearts insensible indeed, had they conceived no attachment for each other. The son of M. de M. and Adelaide, who both possessed an uncommon share of sensibility, soon felt, that while all beyond the narrow cleft which separated the little valley from the rest of the world was misery and disorder, whatever could give value to existence was to be found within its savage boundary, in that reciprocal affection which soothed the evils of the past, and shed a soft and cheering ray over the gloom of the future. The scene in which they were placed was peculiarly calculated to cherish the illusions of passion; not merely by displaying those simple and romantic beauties the contemplation of which softens while it elevates the affections—it had also that local charm which endears to minds of taste and sentiment spots which have been celebrated by the power of genius. Petrarch, the tender, the immortal Petrarch, had trod those very valleys, had climbed those very rocks, had wandered in those very woods—and the two young persons, who both understood Italian, when they read together the melodious strains of that divine poet, found themselves transported into new regions, and forgot for a while that revolutionary government existed. From those dreams, those delightful delusions, they were awakened by a letter which a friend and fellow-soldier of young de M. conveyed to him, in which he conjured him to return immediately to the army if he would shun being classed among the suspected or the proscribed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### The Continence of SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

THE soldiers after having taken new Carthage brought before Scipio a lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by inquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured



of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk to him: "As you and I are both young" said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought to me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and in truth her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion, I mean in honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned for my excessive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be your's too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many in Rome who resemble us; and that there are not a people in the universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend to you or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored to them without it, they began to beg Scipio to except that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin, without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would except it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him; he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come amongst us," says he "a young hero like the gods, who conquers all things, as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse.

#### *Justice swayed by Money.*

AN Arabian merchant had an excellent dog, which hunted for him in the day, and kept a strict watch at night. No dog could be so faithful to his master, and he was therefore greatly caressed by him. The dog happening by some accident, to die, the merchant was inconsolable; but to mitigate in some degree his grief, he wrote an epitaph and erected a tomb for him in his garden. In the evening he invited his friends to an entertainment; during which he expatiated largely on the animal's praises, and so put an end to the ceremony. The next day, some malicious persons made a report to the Cadi, or judge in chief of the place, of all that

had passed the night before; and they added, to verify the fact, a detail of all the funeral ceremonies of the Mussulmen, which they said had been practised at the dog's interment. The Cadi, greatly scandalized at this action, sent his emissaries to apprehend the accused; and after severely reprimanding, he asked him, if he was one of those infidels that adored dogs? Because he had done more honor to his, than had been paid to the dog of the Seven Sleepers, and to the ass of Esdras. The dog's master answered him, without the least emotion: Good Sir, the history of my dog would be too long to recount to you; but there is a thing which you have not perhaps, been told: He made a will, and, among other matters which he has disposed of he left you a legacy of 200 aspers, which I have brought to you, on his part. The Cadi, hearing money spoke of, turned towards his folks and said; 'Mind how honest men are exposed to envy;' and, 'what has not been said to this man's prejudice?' Then addressing himself to the accused, 'since you have not offered up any prayers for the deceased, I think it advisable that we should begin them together.' This expression, in the Arabian language, is equivocal, signifying equally, 'to begin prayers, and open a bag of money.' Judges and justices, says the Arabian author, who tells this story, wore formerly naked swords, which made themselves to be dreaded by the wicked; but they are now become empty scabbards, as seeking to be filled up with the money of the parties.

#### NEWARK, OCTOBER 20.

AMONG the curiosities taken at and brought from Malta, are a large dessert table, richly ornamented with emblematical devices of the place from whence taken, and a beautiful eight barred row galley of silver gilt, with figures to represent rowers, with every apparatus belonging to the vessel: it is considered as a master piece of workmanship.

A piece of machinery to operate by means of a steam, constructed near the Veterinary college, which will stamp 200 horse shoes in an hour.

A BILL of Indictment was preferred against a Dissenting Minister at a late Essex quarter sessions (England) the admeasurement of which was 15 feet 9 inches in length, and 1 foot 11 inches in breadth!

#### —THE MORALIST—

"SENSUAL pleasures are among the most dangerous enemies of virtue. The natural tastes for them are not culpable, and, within moderate limits, happiness demands them, and reason and religion permit them. But, ardent, and prone to excess, they require to be subjected to a prudent and holy vigilance, and to be indulged with caution and circumspection.—Constant pleasure is not to be expected here. And the continual or excessive pursuit of it, is becoming our state in this world. Our path is chequered with evil. If the sanguine but short-sighted hopes of youth picture to themselves nothing but flowers in their progress, they will soon be pierced with its thorns. If we look round us, we will see misfortune, pain and death, impressing their melancholy stamp on all the best enjoyments of human life. This vale of tears,

after a short and uncertain course, leads to the grave, in which we, and our fellow-travellers shall be successively swallowed up. It is then the part of wisdom, seriously to consider our state, and frequently to look forward, and be prepared for the solemn and interesting close of the present scene. Much pleasure is unfriendly to serious reflection. It dissipates the heart. It engages it in frivolous pursuits, and too often sinks it, at last, in low and criminal enjoyments. Solid wisdom is best drawn from sober and thoughtful scenes: for from them we learn to make the most just estimate of ourselves and of the world."

THE following lines are inscribed on the head stone of Mr. JOHN PALMER, the celebrated British Comedian, who expired while uttering them on the stage, in the character of the STRANGER:

*Oh! God! God!*

"There is another and a better World!"

#### —ANECDOTES—

A gentleman of Macclesfield who employs a great number of hands in both the Silk and Cotton Manufactories, in order to encourage his work people to a due attendance at church on the late Fast day, told them, "If they went to church, they should receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work." Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that "if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise at the Methodist Preachinghouse in the evening!"

A Dr. was called on to visit a mercenary nervous old Lady, who said, "Doctor, I can't tell what's the matter with me; my head is so bad, I seem to see double." "Then count your money Madam," said the Doctor, "it will comfort you."



#### —OBITUARY—

DIED—AT Newbarbadoes-Neck, the 16th inst. in the 59th year of her age, Mrs. MARY KINGSLAND, Consort of William E. Kingland, Esq. The next day, her corpse, attended by many inhabitants of the place and its neighborhood, was deposited in the family burying ground. On this occasion, prayers were offered up to Heaven by the Rev. Messrs. Dow and Striker; a short discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Ogden, from Matt. v. 4, and the funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner.

Perhaps few women have lived more respected and died more lamented, than Mrs. Kingland. Every virtue of the amiable wife, mother, friend and neighbor, seemed to have dwelt in her: But it is needless to eulogize her virtues and good qualities. They are deeply written in the breast of her surviving connexions and friends; and the reflection on them, and on her unaffected piety, that "death to her was gain," is their great source of consolation under this most afflictive dispensation of providence.

Lo! where this silent Marble weeps,  
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;  
A heart, within whose sacred cell  
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.  
Affection warm, and faith sincere,  
And soft humanity were there!  
In agony, in death resign'd,  
She felt the wound she left behind!



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

### ANCIENT TALE.

*Of the beast has seem'd to judge the man.*

FROM COWPER'S TASK.

WHERE England, stretch'd towards the  
setting sun,  
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,  
Dwelt young Mithgathus; a scorner he,  
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,  
Vicious in act, in temper, savage fierce.  
He journey'd; and his chance was as he went  
To join a traveller, of far different note—  
Evander, fam'd for piety, for years  
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.  
Fame had not left the venerable man  
A stranger to the manners of the youth,  
Whose face, too was familiar to his view.  
Their way was on the margin of the land,  
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base  
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so  
high.

The charity that warm'd his heart was mov'd  
At sight of the man monster. With a smile  
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,  
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd  
Much to persuade, he ply'd his ear with truths  
Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,  
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.  
"And dost thou dream," the impenetrable man  
Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabies of age,  
And fantasies of dotards, such as thou,  
Can never move a moment's fear in me?  
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave  
Need no such aid as superstition lends  
To steel their hearts against the dread of death."  
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand  
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,  
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought  
Of such a gulph as he design'd his grave.  
But, tho' the felon on his back could dare  
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed  
Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round  
Or ere his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,  
Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will!  
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd  
By medicine well applied, but without grace  
The heart's insanity admits no cure.  
Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd  
His horrible intent, again, he sought  
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,  
With sounding whip, and rowels dy'd in blood.  
But still in vain. The providence that meant  
A longer date to the far nobler beast,  
Spar'd yet again th' ignobler, for his sake.  
And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere  
Incurable obduracy evinc'd,  
His rage grew cool; and, pleas'd perhaps t'  
have earn'd

So cheaply the renown of that attempt,  
With looks of some complacency he resum'd  
His road, deriding much the blank amaze  
Of good Evander, still where he was left,  
Fixt motionless, and petrified with dread.  
So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes

Ensuing, seem'd to obliterate the past,  
And, tamer far for so much fury shown,  
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)  
The rude companion smil'd as if transform'd  
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near.  
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.  
The imp'ous challenger of Pow'r divine  
Was now to learn that heav'n, tho' slow to wrath,  
Is never with impunity defy'd.  
His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,  
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,  
Unbidden, and not now to be controul'd,  
Rush'd to the cliff, and having reach'd it, stood.  
At once the shock unseated him; he flew  
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and, immers'd  
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not.  
The death he had deserv'd—and died alone!  
So God wrought double justice; made the fool  
The victim of his own tremendous choice,  
And taught a brute the way to save revenge.

### From the ANALYTICAL REVIEW.

*Lines found in a Bower facing the South.*

'SOFT cherub of the southern breeze,  
Oh! thou whose voice I love to hear,  
When lingering thro' the rustling trees,  
With lengthened sighs it soothes mine ear!

'Oh! thou whose fond embrace to meet,  
The young Spring all enamour'd flies,  
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,  
And on thee pours her laughing eyes!

'Thou at whose call the light rays start,  
That silent in their hidden bower  
Lie penciling with tenderest art,  
The blossom thin and infant flower!

'Soft cherub of the southern breeze,  
Oh! if aright I tune the reed  
Which thus thine ear would hope to please,  
By simple lay, and humble meed;

'And if aright, with anxious zeal,  
My willing hands this bower have made,  
Still let this bower thine influence feel,  
And be its gloom thy favourite shade!

'For thee of all the cherub train,  
Alone my votive muse would woo,  
Of all that skim along the main,  
Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue;

'Of all that slumber in the grove,  
Or playful urge the gossamer's flight,  
Or down the vale or streamlet move,  
With whisper soft, and pinion light.

'I court thee, thro' the glimmering air,  
When Morning springs from slumbers still,  
And waving bright his golden hair,  
Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.

'I court thee, when at noon reclined,  
I watch the murmuring insect throng  
In many an airy spiral wind,  
Or silent climb the leaf along.

'I court thee when the flow'rets close,  
And drink no more receding light,  
And when calm eve to soft repose,  
Sinks on the bosom of the night.

'And when beneath the moon's pale beam,  
Alone mid shadowy rocks I roam,  
And waking visions round me gleam,  
Of beings, and of worlds to come.

'Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,  
Thou warm'st to life my languid mind;  
Thou cheer'st a frame with genial power,  
That droops in every ruder wind.

'Breathe cherub! breathe! one e soft and warm  
Like thine, the gale of fortune blew,  
How has the desolating storm  
Swept all I gazed on from my view!  
'Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,  
The haunts of men indignant flee,  
Hold to my heart a lifeless gloom,  
And joy but in the muse and thee.'

### A STREAM.

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy bank  
Recline thee. If the sun rides high, the breeze,  
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,  
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound  
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear  
It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold  
Where on its surface wheels with restless speed  
Yon gloomy insect, on the sand below  
How the swift shadow flies. The stream is pure  
In solitude, and many a healthful herb  
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave,  
But passing on amid the haunts of man,  
It firts pollution there, and rolls from thence  
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for HAPPINESS?  
Go Stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot  
Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her there.

### THE EVENING.—BY A LADY.

NOW cooling zephyrs in the branches play,  
And philomel begins her mournful lay,  
The lilly droops his head oppress'd with dew,  
While the fair rose receives a brighter hue.  
A thousand sweets perfume the air around,  
And glittering sunbeams tremble on the ground.  
No sound disturbs the calm serenity,  
Save that alone of rural melody.  
Beside some stream whose soft meanders stray,  
Thro' mossy banks supinely let me lie,  
There meditate awhile, and as its glides,  
Think too how every human pleasure slides.  
Just like those waves that ruffled by the wind,  
Are gone e'er half enjoy'd and leave no trace  
behind.

### SONNET.

BEHOLD that tree, in autumn's dim decay,  
Stript by the frequent chill and eddying wind,  
Where yet some yellow lonely leaves we find  
Lingering and trembling on the naked spray,  
Twenty, perchance, for millions whirl'd away!  
Emblem, alas! too just of human kind:  
Vain man expects longevity, design'd  
For few indeed; and their protracted day,  
What is it worth, that wisdom does not scorn!  
The blasts of sickness, care, and grief, appal,  
That laid those friends in dust, whose natal morn  
Rose near their own; and solemn is the call:  
Yet, like those few deserted leaves forlorn,  
Shivering they cling to life, and fear to fall.

### PRESIDENT'S BIRTH-DAY.

YES, thou shalt ever be the theme of praise,  
Dear to thy Country and Mankind,  
While Freedom pours her cloud-dispelling rays;  
While Virtue's precepts captivate the mind.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the RURAL MAGAZINE  
are thankfully received at the Office of the  
Newark Gazette, at TWELVE SHILLINGS per  
annum—one third in advance.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
For the PROPRIETORS.